DARK HORSE COMICS

ALIENS™

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ALIENS™

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BASED ON THE CHARACTERS AND SITUATIONS IN THE 20TH CENTURY FOX FILM

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THEY GAVE US NAMES, FACES, EMOTIONS–

THEY SHOULD HAVE *TOLD* US.

MY CONSCIOUS MEMORY IS LIKE A STORY WITH NO BEGINNING. ONE MOMENT THERE IS NOTHING.

THE NEXT I AM WHOLE.

I HAD NO REASON TO QUESTION IT– *NONE* OF US DID.

COME ON, BUTLER, MOVE IT–!

MY SQUAD WAS *SYNTHESIZED* FOR THE ALIEN MISSION. WE WERE SOCIALIZED AND DOMESTICATED TO IMPROVE *COMPATIBILITY* WITH OUR HUMAN SHIPMATES.

WHAT WAS THE *GENESIS* OF MY LOVE? WAS IT THE LAST VESTIGE OF SOME PROGRAMMER'S SICK, COMIC-EROTIC *JOKE*?

NEWT DIDN'T KNOW. *NEITHER* OF US KNEW.

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY EXPLAIN MY *PAIN* WHEN NEWT FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE *HORROR* OF OUR LIE?

EVERYTHING I BELIEVED IN HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM ME. I WASN'T HUMAN. I WASN'T *ANYTHING*.

NEWT WAS ALL I HAD LEFT—

—AND THEY WERE GOING TO TAKE *HER* FROM ME AS WELL.

LOADING BAY
SEC. CAM. 3

MY *CHILDREN* UNDERSTAND THE *FLAME*.

THERE'S A *PURITY* TO THE THE ALIEN I FIND *REFRESHING*. THERE'S NOTHING —*UNCERTAIN*— ABOUT THEIR MOTIVES.

YOU'RE COMPLETELY *MAD*. YOUR MEN SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU *MONTHS* AGO.

MY MEN *BELIEVE* IN ME — THEY *TRUST* ME.

SPICER, TAKE THE FLAMER.

DID YOU *REALLY* THINK YOUR PATHETIC *TREASON* WOULD SUCCEED?

LOAD THE REST OF THE CREATURES INTO THE SHIP'S HOLD AND PREPARE FOR LAUNCH. IT'S *TIME*.

I CAN FEEL THE ALIENS' *IMPATIENCE*. THEY'RE EAGER TO PROVE THEIR LOYALTY IN *COMBAT*.

THEY HAVE *CONSUMED* MAN'S IMPERFECTION, LEAVING THE EARTH *CLEANSED*— READY FOR A *NEW* MASTER.

MY TROOPS WILL *RECLAIM* EARTH FROM THEIR BRETHREN. TOGETHER WE WILL CREATE A *NEW* WORLD.

COMBAT!

WHO'S LEFT TO *CONQUER*, SPEARS? WHAT'S LEFT TO *DESTROY*?

I EXPECTED *BETTER* FROM YOU, HICKS—! I'M FIGHTING FOR MANKIND'S *FUTURE*—

THESE CREATURES ARE OUR *SALVATION*—!

I GET IT. YOU'RE *FRIENDS* NOW—

CHRIST, YOU *ARE* INSANE.

TAKE THE THREE OF THEM TO THE BREEDING CENTER— LEAVE THEM TO THE CREATURES STILL IN THE BASE.

IT'S THE *LEAST* WE CAN DO FOR OUR NEW *ALLIES*.

I'M COMING *BACK* FOR YOU, SPEARS—

NEWT—

HICKS DISABLED THE MAIN COMMUNICATIONS ROOM DURING HIS ABORTED *COUP*— MOST OF THE CONTROL SYSTEMS WERE *GONE*. WITHOUT THEM I WAS *HELPLESS*.

THERE WAS A FUNCTIONAL *AUXILIARY* IN THE SOUTHERN QUADRANT OF THE BASE, BUT THERE WAS A *PROBLEM*.

— I HAD TO *GET* TO IT.

I FOUND THE ALIEN'S PROGRESSION PERVERSELY FASCINATING. MAN USES HIS *MACHINES* TO TERRAFORM HOSTILE WORLDS, TO CREATE AN ENVIRONMENT AMENABLE TO HUMAN LIFE.

THE ALIEN NEEDS NO MACHINES.

THE CREATURES *IGNORED* ME. PERHAPS I WASN'T VIEWED AS A THREAT. OR MAYBE I DIDN'T SHARE THE ORGANIC *SCENT* OF SPEARS' MEN—

WHERE'S *SPEARS*?!

MISERABLE *BASTARD* LEFT US TO *DIE*—!

— OR THEIR TERRIBLE, UNYIELDING *FEAR*.

AS I NEARED THE SECONDARY CONTROL ROOM, THE SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE FADED— REPLACED BY THE LIQUID *HISS* OF ALIEN LIFE.

BODIES WERE EVERYWHERE, STARK REMNANTS OF THE ALIENS' REPRODUCTIVE FURY. FREED FROM THE CONFINES OF THE GENERAL'S BREEDING CHAMBER, THE PARASITES *MULTIPLIED* WITH REMARKABLE SPEED.

THIS WORLD *BELONGED* TO THEM.

SPEARS THOUGHT HE HAD TAUGHT THE ALIENS THE MEANING OF *FEAR*.

THEY HAD MERELY DISCOVERED THE *VIRTUE* OF *PATIENCE*.

SHE ALLOWED ME INTO HER NEST. A *COURTESY*, PERHAPS, OR MAYBE JUST *ACKNOWLEDGMENT* OF HER POWER. I *WAS* NO THREAT TO HER. THERE WERE NO THREATS *LEFT* ON THIS BARREN WORLD.

MOVE IT.
SHIT, MAN— YOU CAN STILL HEAR THE SCREAMING—
TH— THIS IS FAR ENOUGH— JUST LEAVE 'EM—
YOU HEARD SPEARS— HE WANTS THEM INSIDE. IF WE—
SCREW SPEARS — I'M NOT GOING FACE TO FACE WITH THOSE THINGS TO ACCOMMODATE HIS SENSE OF —
— JESUS — HE'S GOING FOR MY—
BLAM!
AGHHH—
HOLD IT. RIGHT THERE.
TO HELL WITH ORDERS — SPEARS' MONSTERS WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT THEIR SUP—

THINK SMART, DAMMIT— THOSE THINGS ARE EVERYWHERE. YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT OUT ALONE—
WHAT THE—
MAYBE, MAYBE NOT—
—BUT YOU WON'T BE HERE TO FIND OUT—
UMPH!
WARNING
STAND CLEAR OF PRESSURE SEAL
THAT'S IT—YOU'RE HISTORY!

OH GOD —NO!
EMERGENCY PRESSURE SEAL
2
PRESSURE SEAL
2
—THAT'S ONE OF THE EMERGENCY PRESSURE SEALS— INSURANCE AGAINST A HULL BREACH BEFORE THEY TERRAFORMED AN ATMOSPHERE ONTO THIS ROCK—
SEALS JUST DON'T DROP. SOMEONE MUST HAVE TRIGGERED IT.
HE'S A GODDAMN ANDROID—A MACHINE— FORGET HIM—THE CARGO SHIP IS OUR ONLY CHANCE.
MY GOD— BUTLER.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM—

GOT IT— LAUNCH SEQUENCE LOCKED AND READY

SWITCH OVER TO COCKPIT CONTROL AND LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF—

THAT FILTHY SNEAK A BITCH—
COMPLICATE MATTERS
HE'S LEAVING US BEHIND—
STAND CLEAR—THE ENGINES—
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A LEADER IS FORCED TO MAKE DIFFICULT DECISIONS—DECISIONS FOR THE SAKE OF THE MISSION—
NNNAAGGGHHHHHHHHH

SHE ARE
MUST HAVE BEEN
PLANNING THIS ALL
ALONG—
NTENDED TO TAKE
ANY OF HIS
SOLDERS BACK
- JUST
HIS PRECIOUS
HICKS I'M
SCARED
SO AM
I NEWT SO
AM I

SOMEONE'S ABOARD WITH US. MORE TRAITORS. MORE SPIES.

TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH OUR MISSION...

-CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN--

THE NAVIGATIONAL COMPUTERS ARE CENTRALIZED IN THE COCKPIT- I'LL DEAL WITH SPEARS THEN.

WHAT'S HE DOING--?

WHUMP!

NO! NO! NO!

MEN OF LIMITED VISION SOMETIMES HAVE DIFFICULTY SEEING THE TRUTH--

I DON'T HAVE THE TIME OR PATIENCE TO EDUCATE THEM

TIME PASSED SLOWLY IN THE DARKNESS...
I FELT SO LOST—SO ALONE.
HICKS SPENT THE FIRST DAYS SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE SHIP. BUT HIS KNOWLEDGE OF COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY DIDN'T EXTEND TO COUNTERMANDING A NAVIGATIONAL MAINFRAME.
FOR A TIME WE WORRIED THAT SPEARS WOULD FIND A WAY TO BYPASS THE SHIP'S ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL.
BLAM
BLAM
IGNORED ... WAR AND GLORY THE STIMULANTS HE ... PARANOIA
FINALLY, LOGIC EXHAUSTED, HICKS REVERTED TO RAW, FRUSTRATED INSTINCT.
THAT THE COCKPIT WAS DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION MEANT NOTHING TO HIM.
BLAM
DAMN YOU TO HELL
HICKS' FURY NO LONGER HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH MUTINY. IT WAS ABOUT HATRED. VENGEANCE.

THE MAIN COMMUNICATIONS DECK WAS *OURS*. SOMETHING *DREW* ME THERE – SOMETHING INCOMPLETE, *UNSETTLED*–

THE LAST OF THE MEN ARE EITHER DEAD OR– *SLEEPING*. IT'S BECOME QUITE *PEACEFUL*. I'M SURROUNDED BY *NEW* LIFE NOW.

I STARED AT HIS FACE, HIS EYES – SO CAREFULLY DESIGNED TO CREATE THE ILLUSION OF HUMANITY–

– AND THEN I REALIZED– THE SCIENTISTS HAD *FAILED*. BUTLER WAS NO MORE *HUMAN* THAN THOSE ALIEN *THINGS*

HE WAS *BETTER*...

I– I'VE BEEN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US– TRYING TO MAKE SENSE OF OUR *PASSION*–

– BUT THERE *IS* NO SENSE TO IT. IT JUST *HAPPENED*– RANDOM, UNPREDICTABLE– LIKE *LIFE*.

THERE IS ONLY ONE *PERFECT* TRUTH, NEWT – I *LOVE* YOU. I WILL *ALWAYS* LOVE YOU.

I HOPE YOU WILL ONE DAY ZZZZZ– *FORGIVE* ME –

FORGIVE YOU Z–

HE PROTECTED ME, HELD ME, LOVED ME AND I LEFT HIM TO THE ALIEN— HE WOULD BE ALONE FOREVER.
THAT WAS MY 'PERFECT TRUTH'
ZZZZZZZ — THIS IS GATEWAY EARTH STATION— IDENTIFY YOURSELF AND STATE YOUR DESTINATION.
SON OF A—
PROJECTIONS SHOW YOU TARGETED FOR EARTH LANDING— DO NOT ATTEMPT THIS REPEAT, DO NOT—
THIS IS CORPORAL HICKS ABOARD THE CARGO VESSEL MCARTHUR - REQUEST STATUS ON PROJECTED LANDING COORDINATES—
THERE ARE NO LANDING COORDINATES EARTH'S GONE— LOST TO THOSE THINGS.

COME ON, WE'RE LEAVING.

WHAT— WHERE?

I'M TIRED OF PLAYING BY THE GENERAL'S RULES. IF I DECIDE TO COMMIT SUICIDE, IT'LL BE ON MY SCHEDULE— NOT HIS.

THE POD'S DESIGNED FOR SHORT RANGE EMERGENCIES. MANEUVERABILITY IS THE SHITS—

BUT IT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TO GET US TO THE STATION.

ARE YOU SURE THE POD'S FUNCTIONAL? THE GENERAL—

CHANCES ARE SPEARS SABOTAGED IT ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE—

—FUNNY THING IS, I JUST DON'T GIVE A DAMN ANYMORE.

I WATCHED THEM DISAPPEAR IN THE DARKNESS. I LET THEM GO— I WANTED THEM TO GO.

TOGETHER, WE WILL FORM A *NEW* WORLD. I WILL LEAD MAN AND ALIEN ALIKE TOWARD A *NEW* GLORY, A NEW *BEGINNING*—

THE— THE *ALIEN* IS THE ONLY ONE I CAN *TRUST*. THEIR LOYALTY *TRANSCENDS* HUMAN TREACHERY

—A BETTER TOMORROW!

SOME, OF COURSE, WILL *PERISH* IN THE TERRIBLE STRUGGLE AHEAD. I KNOW THAT. I *RESPECT* IT

—BUT IN THE END WE WILL *PREVAIL*.

I CAN HEAR THE ADULATION OF THE *MASSES* AS I *RESCUE* THEM FROM THEIR MISERY. I CAN HEAR THEIR CRIES OF JOY AS I INSPIRE THEM TO *REBUILD* OUR WORLD

I COULD FEEL THEIR LOVE. THEIR *ADMIRATION*— THEIR *FEAR*.

WE WERE ON THE CUSP OF A TRULY *HISTORIC* MOMENT— WHEN THE TIDE WOULD *TURN* AGAINST THE HUMAN *DISORGANIZATION* OF THE PAST—

MY *BOYS* WOULD MAKE US *PROUD* AGAIN

SQUAD COME TO ORDER
THE TIME HAS COME TO PROVE YOURSELVES – TO SHOW YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER ALL YOU HAVE LEARNED
WE MUST GIVE NO QUARTER THE OTHERS ARE YOUR ENEMIES. THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!
ATTACK!
I GAVE YOU A DIRECT ORDER!

SSSSSSSSSSS

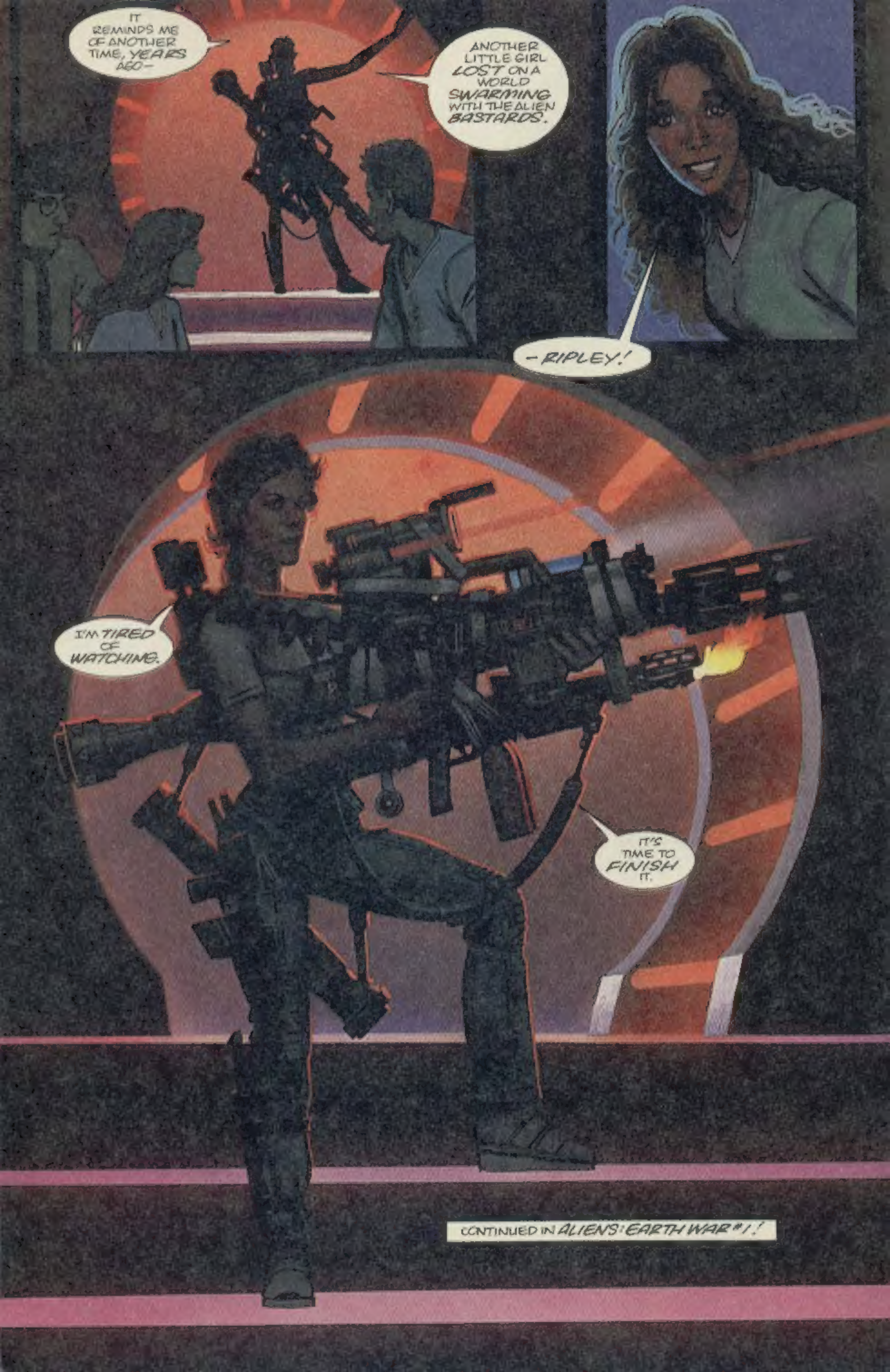
THE U.S. GUARD MUST BE OVERTHROWN— THEY MUST BE DEFEATED—!
I SEE NOW— SHE'S TRYING TO TURN YOU AGAINST ME
YOU WANTED YOUR PRECIOUS CHILDREN BACK AND I— I BROUGHT THEM TO YOU
MY GOD! YOU USED ME
BITCH!

THEY TRACKED SPEARS' SHIP TO EARTH -- AND THEN THERE WAS NOTHING. HIS REVOLUTION ENDED BEFORE IT HAD A CHANCE TO BEGIN.
THE ALIEN WOULDN'T ALLOW IT.

GATEWAY STATION WAS ALL HUMANITY HAD LEFT. CIVILIAN TECHNICIANS MONITORED THE LAST, SPORADIC SIGNALS FROM EARTH IN A TERRIBLE SORT OF *DEATH WATCH*.

THE PLATFORM HAD BECOME AN *OASIS* FOR THE FEW SURVIVORS CAPABLE OF FINDING TRANSPORT.

THE ALIEN HAD REDUCED US TO VOYEURS, CATALOGING EARTH'S FINAL HOURS FROM THE SAFETY OF SPACE.
AND THEN I SAW HER SHE WAS STILL ALIVE.
IS SOMEONE WATCHING US, DADDY? IS SOMEONE GOING TO HELP US-?
SHH, HONEY, I'M MAKING A REPORT.
RAY'S GONE... THE CITY'S GONE. MOST OF THOSE LEFT ALIVE HAVE BEEN SUBJUGATED TO THE ALIENS' WILL.
YOU CAN FEEL IT- SOME SORT OF SUBLIMINAL IMPULSE THAT DRAWS YOU TO THEM- A FEELING OF WARMTH, BELONGING-
EARTH TRANS.
THE CREATURES ARE BUILDING SOME KIND OF NEST- SPREADING ACROSS THE CITY, INTO THE STREETS AND THE UNDERGROUND- A REPOSITORY FOR THEIR YOUNG- OR SOMETHING MORE-?


IT REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER TIME, YEARS AGO—
ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL LOST ON A WORLD SWARMING WITH THE ALIEN BASTARDS.
—RIPLEY!
I'M TIRED OF WATCHING.
IT'S TIME TO FINISH IT.
CONTINUED IN ALIENS: EARTH WAR #1!